Intricate Musings

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by Ebyru

Summary

Will's latest sleepwalking incident leads him straight to Hannibal's doorstep. Asleep this time.

Notes

this was prompted by babysittertrulylovespizzaman on tumblr who said: "Awww yiss Hannigram porn please. Will as the most delicious flesh Hanni could imagine. ;3"

and somehow it ended up here. Hannibal does not eat Will in the story, okay? Don't worry. That wouldn't be canon. ;)

My friend midorihaven was nice enough to look it over so -- THANKS! But if you find anything I've missed, let me know.

*metaphors aplenty, oops.

-- NOW INCLUDING AMAZING ART!

See the end of the work for more notes

The latest sleepwalking incident brings Will (and, of course, Winston) right to Hannibal's doorstep. It's the most flattering thing anyone has done for Hannibal, but it's expected from such a like-minded person.

Hannibal is delicate with a half-conscious Will; his mind is the place where stags and slit throats breed to form a field of cultivated limbs surrounded by dogs. Waking him up now would mean his steel-lined castle walls would come down, and (gently) push Hannibal on the safe side. The side where Hannibal can't suck in the fumes of broken bodies and an even more broken Will. The side where Will can have those thoughts without worrying that Hannibal has seen the silver thorns binding his soul.

But the truth is: Hannibal is *rousingly* aware of that shadowy side, and now he can step in without a hand keeping him from getting too close to the dragon's flames.

Winston graciously leaves Hannibal's bedroom when he snaps his fingers at the dog. Considering how little control Will has over his own body lately, his training methods are remarkable.

The room feels fuller with Will Laying across his black and red comforter. Hannibal looms over him, anticipation building with the rise and fall of his guest's chest. He's so vulnerable today, stretched out across Hannibal's rarest canvas: his bed.

He begins to observe his sleeping friend.

The most obvious, and least appealing, detail is the crusty dirt and grass soiling the soles of his feet. And yet, it sends Hannibal's mind wandering towards slow-roasted flesh or sautéed toes with a side of pesto pasta. The earthy musk may add flavour, spice that Mother Nature didn't intend. Hannibal brushes it off with his handkerchief all the same, leaving clean feet behind.

Will has the calves of a runner, or perhaps just someone who runs in his sleep from who he's meant to be. It would seem to be caused by the long distance sleepwalking to anyone else, but Hannibal sees the age in the muscle definition; it could only have been shaped with *years* of fleeing. A deep-rooted fear of becoming the monsters he sees in his head at bedtime.

Hannibal hums *Carmina Burana*, letting his eyes close on the thought of stalking Will through a dense forest; his dogs picked off one at a time, left to hang in trees that Will crosses in a hurry. Each one would make him wheeze with sadness, stopping in spite of himself to see if it was humanely done. Hannibal will smile when Will chokes back a sob, knowing their entrails are hanging sloppily from their stomachs.

Will winces when he stretches his arms above his head, tempting Hannibal with biceps and an old stab wound – a mental scar more than anything. But he wants to take his time now that he can. He wants to peel away Will's layers in a precise order.

He flicks Will's thigh through cheap, grey fabric. "Honestly, Will. If you're going to be travelling in your underwear, you could at least wear something other than Fruit of the

Loom."

Hannibal pinches the firm skin in the crease of pelvis and thigh, and Will barely reacts; his mouth thins – like he disapproves slightly, but won't dare voice it – and then smoothes out like it never was.

A genuine smile spreads across Hannibal's lips at that. "Oh, Will. Even in sleep you want to be so accepted by others. But there's no need when I know the real you."

He can't help himself when Will shifts his hips against the silk material on his bed. He's practically begging to be stripped – conscious or not.

With one finger of each hand, using surgical precision & almost clinical detachment – *almost* because Hannibal's mouth goes very dry – he removes the faded briefs, letting them fall on the ground. This way, Will can't accuse him of doing it. He knows the doctor would never be so careless.

Hannibal bits his lip, gaping at the wonderful display.

Those thighs thick with (no doubt) succulent flesh frame one of the most aesthetically-pleasing penises that Hannibal has seen. And with his interests, his taboo hobby, he's had the opportunity to see many.

If only it weren't Will – a fractured sheet of glass merely requiring a *tap* to become dust – Hannibal would have that flesh. He'd gnaw it between his teeth, raw and still attached, using a scalpel to slice away bite-size morsels.

"If only," Hannibal says dreamily, shivering from head to toe. "But I'd much rather continue this descent along with you."

Sliding a hand below Will's flaccid cock, Hannibal curls his fingers around the base, squeezing once, twice. The length is already engorging, but Hannibal's journey is not yet over. Will sighs softly, his abdomen jumping with each upstroke, already eager for climax.

"Oh no," coos Hannibal, "I like to take my time with delicacies."

A pearly bead rolls around the tip of Will's gland, and Hannibal…As much as he'd like to think himself akin a god, *that* is simply one temptation too many. He presses his finger to the sticky fluid, bringing it up to his lips. His tongue scoops it up, and he lets the flavour roll around on his taste buds.

It's bitter; such a pity Will doesn't bother to include fruit regularly in his diet.

Forcing his gaze away from Will's arousal is difficult, but Will lends a hand by wiggling his back against the cool silk. Maybe he sensed the absurdity of wearing a shirt when his lower half is uncovered.

"Let me offer a hand," whispers Hannibal.

Just then, Winston's toenails click back into the room, disrupting the peaceful ambience.

Hannibal sighs, and guides him down the hall to the guest room. He feeds him three pieces of sausage made from a door-to-door salesman who had offered free products in exchange for a few sessions. That he thought his electronics were worth even *one* session was the most appalling part. Luckily, his stupidity did not spoil the taste; Winston's tail wags happily as he chews.

"Stay here," Hannibal commands, pointing a stern finger at the dog. Winston whines, but he lies down obediently.

Hannibal returns to his bedroom, picks up Will's discarded briefs, and wipes off his hands on them. After unbuttoning his suit for comfort, he settles beside Will on the bed. His eyes flutter under his lids, darting side to side. Deep within his own traumas, Hannibal guesses. *Good.*

There's no hesitation as Hannibal drags the loose t-shirt up and off of Will. He crinkles his nose at the shirt, tossing it to where the briefs are. "You *must* own something that isn't grey and one size too large," he says, his lips pursed.

Will's brow creases, and his lips part on a quiet sigh. Another pre-programmed rebellious reaction? Perhaps. Hannibal finds it amusing all the same.

His fingers splay on Will's stomach, each one inching up his torso, further away from his pelvis. Climbing up the muscles like rungs of a ladder. And his index finger circles Will's navel twice, watching as his muscles ripple like waves during a storm.

Will's brow creases in what Hannibal assumes is frustration that he's neither awake nor asleep. He's trapped in the purgatory of his own mind's making, helpless to Hannibal's ministrations. His length twitches when nails scrape along his ribs; he's not entirely against this.

Hannibal presses his nail into the skin just below Will's nipple, reddening a tiny patch of it to match the colour it would be underneath. His mouth waters from not only the freedom he's acquired, but the image of Will's chest sliced wide open like a meat rack. His ribs already protrude through his skin; underneath they must be hard and thick, mostly muscle and barely any fat. Hannibal wouldn't have to leave the rack in the oven for long.

Will's hands slide through Hannibal's blankets, coming to rest on his stomach, just above his erection. It moves as if alive, lying flat against his skin, desperate for a hand – any hand, really – to bring it to completion. Hannibal tuts softly, smirking.

He leans closer, hands firmly kneading the skin of Will's shoulders, easing him toward sleep. Hannibal wouldn't want him to wake up in this state of undress, especially with his doctor slash friend hovering over him, sporting his own erection. It could prove difficult to explain this in comparison to the smelling the other day, which reminds him –

The angel-maker, Hannibal remembers fondly. That man probably saw the darkness inside Will, just as Hannibal has. Maybe he would have carved wings into his shoulders, opened them wide and free, allowed Will to finally be what he so craves. But what he will never allow himself become.

Tilting his head, Hannibal tugs at a tense shoulder, rolling the skin between his fingertips. Even without the proper tools, Hannibal could make Will into art worthy of a gallery, worthy of being studied by a profiler who could never possess Will's gifts.

And therein lies the dilemma.

No one could ever replace Will if Hannibal dares to cut him apart, rip him open, or shatter him into molecules and meals. Without Will by his side, a man to leave breadcrumbs and scraps for, Hannibal cannot be appreciated the way he so deserves.

Will turns his head against Hannibal's pillow, facing him. His face is slack with sleep.

"I want you to know," whispers Hannibal, cupping his jaw and keeping him from moving away. "That I will never consume you." He closes his eyes to breathe in Will's soft exhale. "I will continue to feed you the proof of what I've done." He presses his lips to Will's throat, dragging his teeth down his neck, delighting in the way his pulse speeds up. "But I will not enjoy your flesh, because I cannot." He takes Will's erection in hand. "Not in the way I would others."

Hannibal's strokes are languid, patient and measured. Each one sends a warm thrill shooting up his spine, and each breath he steals straight from Will's lips brings him that much closer to his own release. He strokes harder when his palm is coated with Will's arousal, evidence of deeper desires. A conceit Will would be unwilling to admit.

Will turns his body towards Hannibal's, panting softly. His hand reaches for somewhere to hold, catching the collar of Hannibal's shirt. His leg tangles around Hannibal's, ankle locked in place. There's grace and calm in his movements; no sign of discomfort or unwillingness to continue. When he is in his mind, Will is free of constraints, as he should be, and Hannibal rewards him with practiced fingers.

Feral-sounding gasps fill the room in perpetual waves, leaving Hannibal's skin flushed and mind tingling. Just this once, he unlocks the doors of his own palace, hoping Will can handle crawling through the snake pits inside.

Hannibal twists his wrist, and Will cries out in broken heaves, his muscles all tightening for a fraction of a second. He comes back down in stages: his heartbeat fluttering, his eyes no longer darting, his grip on Hannibal loosening, his mouth closing, and then…he's peaceful.

Carefully disentangling himself, Hannibal throws the comforter over Will's relaxed body. He leaves the room silently for a shower; the evidence of their encounter is not only on the front of his pants, but plastered against the inside of his underwear as well.

Carrying a chair from another room, he places it next to his bed, and prepares to sleep. It comes easily while his mind creates scenes and outcomes.

In the morning, he will believe he's awoken first as he finds Hannibal sleeping in a chair by his bedside, still wearing a suit. He will rush to pull his clothes on, unaware of the mess he

made and of who cleaned it up. He will hold on to the guilt and sexual frustration, constantly dreaming of a moment when Hannibal touched him reverently. Never finding out the truth of that night. It will haunt him until the day that he finally snaps, gives in, and then – and *only* then – will Hannibal provide him with a steady hand to guide him through night terrors.

His is the deadliest of touches, but Will has already tasted his poison; the only way to cure it is to offer more.

comments appreciated.

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